

The Exorciser

In this body's universe
(laid out in hands, and feet,
a heart, head, and eye)
this one soul rides
its sea, mountain range, or plain
with neither oar, wheel, nor wing
and has no name, place, or part
and I, no identity,
except the body's strange extensions,
like familiar stars in a foreign sky
that orient a global chart
to plot a course around
and show where their positions are
outside the circling world
-- as though the "who," the "what," and "when"
answered a journey's "where"
or explained a wanderer's "why."

-- Kirby Congdon

Of Jazz and Hierophants

In gem thick smoke,
in matrix of eyes,
I am embedded
in brass that loves me.

Caught behind the iconostasis
in the center of the sun,
I measure the osmotic ingress of the substance
that controls my breath.

Blaze from my head,
a full grown planet,
blood of space,
whose heat has held me.

No road is as wide as Al Sirat
expanding across the ravenous gulch,
repairing slitted footsoles in tactile cadence
that puckers drawstring time.